

The Majority

Of so-called cough-cures do little more than impair the digestive functions and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it cures the cough, does not interfere with the functions of either stomach or liver. No other medicine is so safe and efficacious in diseases of the throat and lungs.

"Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was very sick, and confined to my bed about four months. I employed a physician most of the time, who finally said I was in consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and, before I had finished taking the first bottle was able to sit up all the time, and to go out. By the time I had finished the bottle I was well, and have remained so ever since."—L. D. Bixby, Bartonsville, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢; six bottles, \$1.50.

JOHN WANNAMAKER
PAYS A MAN
\$10,000. A YEAR
JUST TO WRITE & SUPERINTEND HIS ADVERTISING.
IT PAYS JOHN.
YOU CAN BE ENTERPRISING IN PROPORTION.

Lincoln Park

Lincoln's Great Pleasure Resort

Now open daily to the public. The finest picnic grounds in the state, with fine boating and fishing. Dancing pavilions, illuminated with Electric lights and beautiful drives. The Park is large and will accommodate everybody. Secluded places for private picnics can be had.

Band Concert every evening from 7 until 9:30 o'clock, commencing June 25th. Electric cars run to the Park every 12 minutes from 6 o'clock in the morning until 11:30 at night.

ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

SEASON TICKETS

On Sale at Harley's, Shilling Bros., Odell's Restaurant and Ed. Young's.

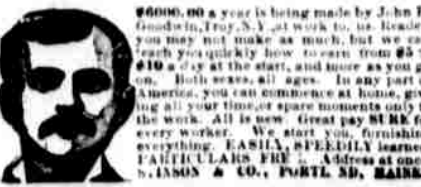
Buy Coupon Tickets and Save Money.

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PRINTERS' INK

PRINTERS' INK is just what it purports to be, "a journal for advertisers." It is issued on the first and fifteenth days of each month, and is the representative journal—the trade journal, so to speak—of American advertising. It tells the intending and inexperienced advertiser in plain, comprehensive articles how, when, and where to advertise; how to write an advertisement; how to display one; what newspapers or other media to use; how much to expend—in fact, discourses on every point that admits of profitable discussion. If you advertise at all, PRINTERS' INK can help you. Perhaps you expend but Ten Dollars a year in advertising; if so, PRINTERS' INK may show you how to obtain double the service you are now getting for one-half the money. A year's subscription costs but One Dollar; a sample copy costs but Five Cents. Advertising is an art practiced by many but understood by few. The conductors of PRINTERS' INK understand it thoroughly. Surely their advice, based on an experience of more than twenty-five years, will help you. Address—

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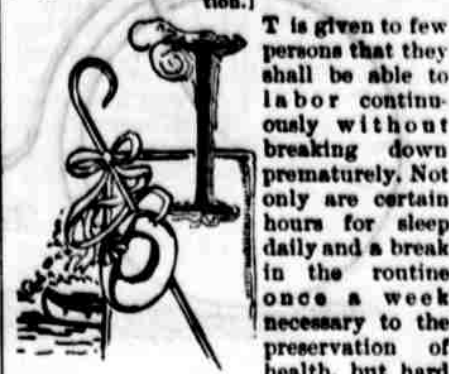
YOU SEE THIS!
So Do Several Thousand Other People.
Suppose YOUR "Ad." Was Here?

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.

THAT SORT OF LIFE IS WEARING AND USUALLY DOESN'T PAY.

People of Prominence Who Take Annual Vacations—Some Seek to Stay Forever. Grizzly Bears and Others Kill the Deep Blue Sea.

(Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.)



It is given to few persons that they shall be able to labor continuously without breaking down prematurely. Not only are certain hours for sleep daily and a break in the routine once a week necessary to the preservation of health, but hard workers require an occasional vacation—a period of days or weeks given to some pursuit that shall rest the tired brain or body by reason of change.

Not all of us can take vacations, or we think we can't. The machinery is kept running, at the risk of breaking down, in order to meet constant calls upon us. Wise men, however, who value long life and look forward to years of usefulness, take their play times with tolerable regularity, and the harder they work the more heartily they are apt to play.

For example, John Claffin, who was left by the death of his father, Horace B. Claffin, at the head of one of the largest dry goods firms in New York, is a very busy man. He was carefully trained in business habits from the time he was graduated at college, and when hardly more than a boy was his father's main reliance. Now he personally superintends the entire business, of which he is the principal owner. But every year he goes away for a month or so and travels. It is no conventional trip over beaten routes that he takes. He has been almost all over the world, visiting many places where no white men ever went before. For instance, he was the first to cross South America from the Pacific to the Atlantic. For several years past he has gone to the Rocky mountains each summer, and has made it a point to stay there each time until he has killed at least one grizzly bear.

Dry goods merchants, especially of the mild spoken, gentle mannered kind, such as Mr. Claffin is, who by his appearance might be taken for a Sunday school superintendent, are hardly the kind of people who would be expected to hunt grizzly bears. New York, however, boasts of a "bear hunting parson."



HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

so called by his friends. The Rev. W. H. Rainsford, who is known all over the United States as a prominent Episcopal clergyman, also goes to the "Rockies" each summer for his recreation, and is not less successful than Mr. Claffin.

It is noticeable that while Americans cannot be said to be so devoted to the killing of the lower animals in the way of sport as Englishmen of the higher classes are, yet a goodly number of them spend their vacations either shooting or fishing. President Harrison's recent duck hunting trip was one of his genuine vacations, and no newspaper reader need be reminded that he enjoyed it. His summer sojourn at Cape May cannot be called vacations, since he establishes his office in his cottage and works as hard there as he would if he stayed in Washington.

Ex-President Cleveland has never attained fame as an expert with a shotgun, but with a rod and reel he is said to be able to hold his own in any crowd of fishermen. For many years it has been his habit to seek his recreation in this pursuit. This summer, however, it is not recorded that he has fished. He is busily superintending the fitting up of his new country house at Tudor Haven, N. J., and is to spend his leisure time there when the house is ready.

Mrs. Cleveland, pending the preparation, has been visiting Mrs. Joseph Jefferson at Buzzard's Bay, where the great and only Rip Van Winkle has spent his idle days for many years. He expects to entertain Henry Irving there this summer.

Edwin Booth is at his country home at Narragansett Pier, where he says he intends to stay all summer. He calls it Rosalind Cottage.

No vacation story would be complete without a statement of the whereabouts of Billy Florence, whose life seems to be mainly made up of vacations, but who accumulates great amounts of money when he does work. He is either catching salmon in the Restigouche, eating terrapin in Philadelphia, ordering exquisite breakfasts in Paris, or chasing the extinct buffalo over the prairies most of the time, but just now he is engaged in a domestic pursuit. That is to say he has gone to London to meet Mrs. Florence, and the couple are to travel in Europe for the summer.

Speaking of "play people," it is hard to say when Bronson Howard is at work and when he is taking a vacation, for his study is of people more than books and so, though he is just beginning a round of the summer watering places nobody knows, excepting himself, whether it is work or play.

Thomas A. Edison is probably as hard

working a man as there is in the United States. It is said of him that he ignores the necessity of sleep for days together, and would even fast until he dropped if his assistants did not leave sandwiches and pieces of pie around the laboratory where he sees them and eats without realizing what he is doing. Even Edison, however, cannot work always, and he has taken a cottage at Long Beach for the season, and will enjoy some periods of rest there before the summer is over.

Robert G. Ingersoll has, until this summer, taken a cottage at the same place every season since it was made into a watering place, but this year he has not made arrangements to go out of town. New Yorkers claim that people learn, if they are wise, that Gotham is the finest summer resort in the country, and perhaps he has learned it.

Chauncey M. Depew is one of those who find it almost impossible to get rest and perfect release from business cares excepting on an ocean steamer. There are many such, and not the least prized enjoyment of a European trip to them is the impossibility of receiving letters, telegrams and callers on the way across.



CLEVELAND AS A FISHERMAN.

Mr. Depew put off his vacation twice this year for reasons that have excited many good natured smiles among his friends; first, because he had to stand trial on a criminal charge, and second, because his mother-in-law was ill. He was acquitted and she is better.

Editors are supposed to be among the hardest worked men on earth, and some of them no doubt are, but when they get near the top of the ladder they take plenty of vacations. James Gordon Bennett, for example, probably allows himself many weeks a year of almost uninterrupted vacation. The Pulitzers seem of late to be emulating him in this respect, though The World proprietor has the excellent reason of impaired health to serve as an excuse for laying business aside. All three are in Europe.

Charles A. Dana is an exception to most rules that govern ordinary humanity. He is at all times an enormous worker and an enthusiastic devotee of rational enjoyment. Somebody said of him lately that his idea of fun was to be finding out all about something that he didn't know before. He has a town house and a country place, for he is very rich, and his summer vacations are spent on his own island in Long Island sound, which, however, is not far enough off to prevent him from making frequent—sometimes daily—trips to The Sun office.

Of the people of less fame it would be easy to write many columns, describing their haunts and their pursuits during the time when nature, at least in this climate, seems to be suggesting the necessity for a period of relaxation. But nobody, probably, outside of their own particular circles would care to read it. It is enough to say that all over the country people are laying aside their everyday pursuits and going away from home in search of health and pleasure, that many millions of dollars will be spent in a way to make Gradgrind weep.



HARRISON AS A DUCK HUNTER.

and that the whole world will be the better for it. "All work and no play" may do for Gradgrind, but it does not answer the requirements of most people.

DAVID A. CURTIS

To Make Pure Chloroform. It is possible that M. Pictet, a chemist of Geneva, Switzerland, deserves rank among the benefactors of the human race. He has discovered a process for making pure chloroform, something hitherto unattainable. The majority of deaths from this anesthetic is said to be traceable to its impurities.

Church of England Statistics. Probably not more than one other state religious establishment has so large a fixed income as the Church of England, which last year enjoyed a gross income of £3,753,557. Of this vast sum £4,213,393 was disbursed in salaries to holders of ecclesiastical benefices.

HAD HIS BRAND WITH HIM.

A Kenosha Man Who Nearly Came to Grief in a Dry Goods Store.

Just before the shower the other day a man rushed into one of the big State street dry goods stores, selected a seven dollar umbrella and said to the salesman: "I want this charged. I want to take it with me, and I've just thirty minutes to catch my train."

"What name?" languidly inquired the salesman.

"O. Little, Kenosha," replied the man.

"Got an account?"

"Had one for five years."

"Are you Mr. Little?"

"I am."

The salesman called over a floorwalker and explained that Mr. O. Little, of Kenosha, who had an account and was Mr. Little himself, had selected a seven dollar umbrella which he wanted to have charged and take with him.

"Um—ah!" said the floorwalker. "I know Mr. Little, but—"

"Well, I'm her husband, and I pay the bills," said the man.

"Um—ah!" said the floorwalker. "You have no idea how we are imposed upon—the rules of the house are so strict. Do you know any one in the store, Mr. Little?"

Mr. Little thought a moment and said he knew Mr. Beater in the carpet department. Mr. Little and the floorwalker unfortunately found that Mr. Beater was ill and not down that day. Mr. Little grew red and hot and the floorwalker pompous. Mr. Little finally recollected that he knew a man at the glove counter, one Mr. Kidd. Unfortunately it was discovered that Mr. Kidd had gone to lunch. Mr. Little grew desperate and the floorwalker suspicious.

Mr. Little didn't know anybody else in the store or out of it, and showed a pocketful of letters addressed to "O. Little, Kenosha, Wis." The floorwalker said he was sorry, but, etc. Mr. Little was determined to have that umbrella charged and take it away with him besides. He argued, threatened, pleaded. "Twas all in vain."

Suddenly he made a frantic grab at his vest, ripped open the buttons, fumbled wildly for an instant, and then exhibited an embroidered bit of linen.

"There!" said he. "Do you 'pose I'd be wearing O. Little's shirts if I wasn't O. Little?"

"That goes," said the floorwalker.—Chicago Tribune.

Rare Presence of Mind.



MR. STUMPFER IS IN A HURRY.



Both—Excuse me.



Both—I beg your pardon.



Mr. Stumpe—Well, I've got to catch that train.—Life.

A Bad Break.

"Do you smoke cigarettes?" asked her father entering the parlor.

"No," answered the young man, "I have the nasty things. Why do you ask?"

"I wished to borrow one," replied her father grimly.—New York Herald.

Cured.

Clara—Do you ever look under the bed for burglars?

Laura—Not since I found a mouse there once.—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Last Course.

When I married my wife she had studied stenography.

Got that down solid then took up photography. Mastered that science and started geography.

All in the course of a year.

She presently took up a course of theology. Followed that up with a touch of mythology. Got a degree in the line of zoology.

(Still her great mind remained clear.)

So she took in a course on the theory of writing.

Some lessons and points on the subject of fighting.

A long course of house building, heating and lighting.

For over her classmates she'd soar.

So she entered the subject of steam navigation. Took also instruction in church education.

And mastered the study of impersonation.

And still she was longing for more.

Next she tackled the latest great fad, electricity.

"Dress reform" institutes taught her simplicity.

Sought the best way to encourage felicity.

Oh, she's as smart as a book!

She at last ended up with a course of phonetics. Gave a little attention and time to athletics.

The rest of her time she gave to magnetism.

And now she is learning to cook!

—Boston Transcript.

Times are Hard := AND =: Money is Scarce.

We can't change the times, and we can't give money away, but we have lots of goods and these we can give or sell to you at such figures that you need but little money to get them. This we are doing in our

Great Slaughter Sale.

CALL ON US.

THE BAZAR.

1023 O Street. Newman's Old Stand.

YOU GET FITS

And the right kind as well, as excellent wear and latest style in Shoes when patronizing

Parker & Sanderson.

See their fine line of shoes for

SUMMER WEAR

1009 O ST.

Removal Sale

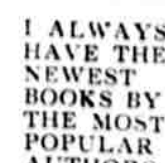
As we intend to remove to our New Furniture Block on 13th street, between O and P, about September 1st, we have concluded to offer our large stock of

FURNITURE

at nearly cost price until that time. As we intend to make genuine heavy cuts, these sales at reduced prices will be strictly cash. Call and investigate.

AUG. TH. GRUETTER & CO.

1116 and 1118 N Street.



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I ALWAYS HAVE THE NEWEST BOOKS BY THE MOST POPULAR AUTHORS